

# Alone Under the Night Sky

*Bret Lundstrom*

A lonely horseman glanced at the last light of sunset  
Beaten by a long day of riding and grinding  
Swayed over a rock cliff side, legs finally off the ground  
Slumped over and beaten from riding and running  
His horse lay broken and gimp from riding  
A constant gallop in fear of a noose  
Had strained his friend  
He had let him loose  
Out over the plains  
In fear of that noose  
Spurring his sides red  
With blood on his heels  
He could hear the posse prey  
But they scream no more  
For want of blood had died  
So here they lay in wait for a bit of sun  
Only the moon to keep them company for the night  
As well as a bit of howling

Stars finally started to pierce sky  
Sunlight finally leaving for the day  
Constellations unknown to the horseman  
Made their way across the horizon  
Slowly taking their turn in the sky  
Hinting at the horseman's eye  
With a slight grin playing at his cheeks  
And a cold empty sense of accomplishment  
His numb legs began to feel again  
His horse whinnying with a shimmer of life  
Rest was slightly safer now  
He was free for the night

Morning would soon come for him  
Along with revenge driven men  
Forcing their way across the plain  
For men they felt were unjustly slain  
Even though he was on his back  
He wasn't in the ground

